

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 22

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY MARCH 2, 1912.

NO. 1112

New Spring Shoes

We are glad to announce that our new spring shoes have arrived

Besides a complete line of staple styles, we are showing many new and advance styles, all of which are marked at very attractive prices.

Come in and let us fit you while the stock is complete. We shall be glad to show you.

The Sonora Mercantile Co.

Devil's River News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.
Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora
second-class matter.

SONORA, TEXAS, March 2, 1912.

AIR FOR THE FISHES.

The System Used in the Tanks in the New York Aquarium.

For their continued existence all fishes require air, and this is supplied by various methods to those in captivity. Such fishes are kept either in balanced or in circulating tanks.

In balanced tanks there is placed some form of plant life. The plants give off oxygen, which the fishes require, and the carbonic acid gas which the fishes give off in respiration is absorbed by the plants.

In circulating tanks, which include commonly all the larger tanks, the water is ordinarily kept sweet and living by a constant inflow of new water, bringing with it constantly new supplies of air. If for any reason the circulation should cease the fishes would sooner or later absorb all the oxygen in the standing water and, unless in some other manner air were supplied, they would die. To guard against such contingencies and to make good any possible deficiency in the supply of air in the running water the large aquariums are equipped with apparatus for the supply of air to the water artificially.

In the New York aquarium an air pump is used to pump air into a compressor, from which there are carried along the tiers of tanks service pipes by which air may be delivered to all tanks at a uniform pressure. From the service pipe there is an outlet pipe into each tank. Attached to each outlet pipe there is a knob or hard rubber about the size and shape of a small apple, which is called the "apple." In the laboratory a small round opening which is inserted into a wood that

Under pressure through the basswood plugs, to be gradually diffused through the body of water in the tank. As it first appears from the plugs the air looks like a thin, disappearing cloud of vapor, or like a faint haze of smoke, and visitors sometimes wonderingly mistake it for smoke in the water. In this way air can be turned into all or any of the tanks. —New York Sun.

Morris' Dream Poem.

Coleridge was not the only great poet who sometimes dreamt in song. I was talking, says a correspondent, to William Morris about Coleridge and his wonderful dream fragment. Morris was eloquent in its praise, and I inquired of him if he, too, ever wrote poems in his sleep. Morris sat down promptly in a seat—we were walking in his big garden at the back of Kelmscott House—and broke into one of his big laughs. "Oh, yes," he said. "One night I had been reading 'Kubla Khan' and wishing that I could dream anything half as fine. And I did dream a poem that moved me to actual tears by its beauty." "And did you remember it when you woke up?" I asked. "Yes," said Morris grimly, "one line. And the line ran:

"The moonlight slept on a treacle sea. And then I ceased to weep," he added, "and haven't wished to dream poems again."—London Standard.

Dickens at the Sea Shore.

For fourteen years Dickens made Broadstairs his principal summer home in England. London alone held a superior place in his affections. He felt his powers at their apex when he was at the little channel coast town. Dickens has given the best picture of himself at his summer routine at Broadstairs: "In a bay window in a one pair sits from 9 o'clock to 1 a gentleman with rather long hair and no neckcloth, who writes and grins as if he thought he were very funny indeed. At 1 he disappears, presently emerges from a bathing machine and may be seen, a kind of salmon colored porpoise, splashing about in the ocean."

An Urgent Necessity.

A distinguished theologian was invited to make an address before a Sunday school. The divine spoke for over an hour and his remarks were of too deep a character for the average juvenile mind to comprehend. At the conclusion the superintendent, according to custom, read one in the school to be appropriate hymn to be

"Give Us Again," shouted from the rear of the room:—

Cautious.

"My letters to me are excellent and commonplace," said a girl.
"Do you know why?" responded another.
"No."
"Gustafson served on the jury in a breach promise case."—Washington Post.

Dr. King's New Life Pills. The best in the world.

Smart Boy.

George was ten years old and the pride of his parents. He was so sharp.

The other morning a tramp came up to the front of the house and, seeing only George about, seized hold of him and said fiercely, "Na then, look 'ere, if yer don't tell me where yer keeps yer cash I'll screw yer bloomin' neck round."

George was terrified, but he managed to gasp out, "Please don't do that; all the money we've got is in an old waistcoat in the back kitchen."

The tramp departed. Three minutes later, as he picked himself up off the cobbles in the back yard, he muttered, "Smart boy that, very smart; didn't say a word about 'is father bein' in that waistcoat.'"—London Answers.

Worked a Problem While Asleep.

An Amsterdam banker once requested a professor of mathematics to work out a very intricate and puzzling problem for him. The professor, thinking the matter good exercise for the intellectual faculties of his pupils, mentioned it to them and requested them to work out the enigma. One of the students, who had pondered deeply over the intricate subject during the day, retired to bed. Some time afterward he arose, dressed, and, seating himself at his desk, worked out the problem accurately, covering sheets of paper with his calculations. He had no recollection in the morning of having done so.

Too Much Beard.

The great beards grown in California were sometimes a source of embarrassment. When a steamer arrived a father might be seen caressing little ones whom he now saw for the first time, while the children were frightened at finding themselves in the arms of such fierce looking men. Wives almost shared the consternation of the children. "Why don't you kiss me, Bessie?" said a pioneer to his newly arrived wife. She stood gazing at the hirsute imitation of her husband in utter astonishment. At last she timidly ejaculated, "I can't find any place!"—From Newin's "Life of Bret Harte."

Chapel in a Bell.

The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow, being nineteen feet high, measures sixty feet around the rim and weighs 198 tons. Cast in 1653, it was cracked before it left the foundry and consequently was never hung. It was mounted upon a granite base in 1837 and converted into a little chapel, the broken part forming the doorway. The bell is composed of gold, silver and copper and is valued at \$150,000.

ONE OF NATURE'S MARVELS.

New Zealand's Curious Sea Volcano and Its Sulphur Vapors.

Among the most curious phenomena of New Zealand is its sea volcano. This is a great mountain of black scoria 830 feet high, from the top of which, with much force, rise white clouds of vapor to a height of fully 2,000 feet. It is not easy traveling on the island, for in places the black pebbles of the beach are all astir with water boiling up through them, water so hot that a misstep might scald the foot seriously.

At this point the crater wall has been broken down almost to the sea level and one may look into the great hollow island. The crater is circular, a full mile in diameter and hemmed in by walls many hundred feet high and very precipitous. The crater floor is an uneven plain of volcanic ash and scoria, with many little fumaroles or blow holes, through which hot sulphur vapors come wheezing out, while every few minutes there is a smart trembling beneath the feet and a low, dull, rolling roar.

The vapor begins to thicken as the traveler proceeds, and he very soon finds the cause. He is stopped short by a great lake of steaming water, quite filling this end of the crater and being, as can be seen when the clouds lift, nearly half a mile from either side. The water is too hot comfortably to apply the hand to it and is insupportable either to touch or to taste because of a strong infusion of alum and sulphuric acid. On the farther border of the lake is a row of violent saltparas (chimneys). They have built for themselves little pillar-like cones from ten to thirty feet high and a yard or two in diameter at the base, and through these open chimneys they trumpet steam and roaring sulphuric gases with a violence frightful to contemplate. A demoniacal screeching and din afflict the traveler's ears, even at a considerable distance.

The water of the lake is of a milky, opaque cast, not more than ten feet deep. Lines upon the shore show that it daily rises and falls slightly with the tide of the sea outside. In many spots the water boils furiously with much froth and foam, while still its heat is much below the boiling point of 212 Fahrenheit. These are dangerous places for boats; the abundant air in the water diminishes materially its buoyancy, and a boat sinks alarmingly low in crossing them.

One expedition landed across the lake at one of the saltparas nearest the beach and proceeded to demolish it with oars. It was a chimney about two feet in diameter, lined without, while within it was clay with crystals of sulphur of a beautiful straw yellow splashed with vermilion spots. Pushing in the top of this chimney, the fragments would first fall down its throat and then come flying out into the air with explosions that were startlingly like a prolonged stentorian cough.—Harper's Weekly.

The Longevity of Fish.

Fishes and animals that live in the water in many instances attain a great age. The carp has been known to live 200 years. Common river trout have been confined in a well for fifty years and were still frisky when taken from the water. The age of the whale is ascertained by the size and number of whale bones in its mouth. Records show that this sea animal has retained life for 400 years. In 1497 an enormous pike was caught in a lake near Hallerum, in Suabia, with a brass ring attached to it, engraved on which was a statement that the fish was put in the lake in the year 1230, thus indicating that it must have lived 267 years.—Chicago Journal.

Of More Importance.

Betty may not be very worldly wise, but she is practical. She knows enough to take a common sense view of things sentimental as well as material. So when she listened to the proposal of the young man she is fond of she couldn't help saying what she did.

"If you reject me, Betty dear, be urged, in a final appeal, 'I shall never, never love another. It will be the end.'"

"And if I accept you," she asked, "does the same thing hold good?"—Philadelphia Times.

It's No Use.

He was telling her about a book he had just read.

"The absolute sincerity and directness of the author," he said, "are above all praise. I don't know when I've read a book that seemed so helpful, so uplifting, so purely inspiring."

She had been regarding him with rapt countenance. Now she spoke "George," she said, "I have just thought of a way to trim my new hat!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE CAPTAIN'S FIDDLE.

It Was Put Away to Rest After the Music Teacher's Request.

In old times our music loving ancestors had to become performers themselves or go without music. Not unnaturally, the ambition to possess a fine musical instrument occasionally outran a discreet judgment of the prospective owner's ability to master it.

It is related that Mr. Prince, one of the rich merchants of old Newburyport in the opening years of the last century, became the owner of a fine piano. He was also the father of some charming daughters, and a gentleman who in youth was a frequent caller used in age to relate that he "never heard but one tune played on the piano there, and that was 'Charlie Over the Water,' with one hand only—and I have waited hours to hear that!"

Captain Faris of the same old town used to relate that a few years earlier, in the days of the French revolution, he had occasion to put into the port of Marseilles. He was, like many other seafaring men to whom on their long voyages the diversion and delight of melody was especially precious, an amateur musician with a modest pride in his powers. His instrument was the fiddle, and his teacher had been a wandering French fiddler of much skill, who had once passed some months in Newburyport.

One evening, as he was rowing from shore to his ship, his boat passed close by the side of a French prison ship, where suspected and condemned men were confined by direction of the leaders of the terror, then at its height. Suddenly he heard his name called and rowed up to the porthole whence the voice had come and where he could dimly discern a face looking down upon him. It proved to belong to his old music master.

"Can I do anything for you?" inquired the captain, much concerned.

"No," responded the gallant little Frenchman, with a cheerful shrug. "I die tomorrow. But, captain, there is one little favor I ask of you, and it is this: if any one asks who taught you to fiddle pray do not give him my name."

The captain never learned the ultimate fate of the musician, probably he was executed, as he expected—but he accepted the criticism implied in his parting request. He hung up his fiddle and never played again.—Youth's Companion.

Partly at Home.

A good old Scotch minister, calling unexpectedly on a widow who lives in a cottage on the outskirts of the village, surprised her in the midst of washing a lot of clothes. She hurriedly hid behind a clothes horse and told her little boy to say that she was out.

The visitor knocked at the door. "Well, Jamie," he said, "and where is your mother?"

"My mother's not in; she's down street on a message," promptly replied the lad.

"Indeed," replied the minister, with a glance at the bottom of the screen. "Well, tell her I called, and say that the next time she goes down to the village she should take her feet with her."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Fortune Tellers in Persia.

Fortune tellers do a big business in Persia. Some read the palm, others read the stars, still others consult the Koran, for so firmly is superstition mixed even with their religion that "suras" or passages from their sacred book are marked "lucky" or "unlucky." Should a Persian be in doubt as to the advisability of starting on a journey or undertaking any enterprise he might visit a fortune teller and ask him to consult the Koran. Should he, opening the book at random, chance upon a sura marked "unlucky" it would be a divine indication that the project must be abandoned.—Los Angeles Times.

Remote Kin.

Kind Lady—How many are there in the family beside yourself?

Little Annie—Four, mamma, papa, sister and a distant relative.

"That is only three. The distant relative is not a member of the family."

"Oh, yes, he is. He is my brother."

"Your brother? Then he isn't a distant relative."

"Yes, ma'am, he is in the Philippines."—Kansas City Journal.

Unappreciated.

"He's not what you would call strictly handsome," said the major, beaming through his glasses on a baby as he lay howling in his mother's arms, "but it's the kind of face that grows on you."

"It's not the kind of face that grew on you!" was the indignant and unexpected reply of the fond mother. "You'd be better looking if it had!"

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(UNINCORPORATED)

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Is offering for sale a number of ranches, and has on his list Cows, Stock Cattle, Steers of all ages, Sheep and Goats. In fact if you want to buy or sell anything in the "Paradise" give me a call or write me.

BUILD NOW.

Lumber at San Angelo at San Angelo prices or at Sonora with freight added from the wagons.

From the yard in small quantities the cost of handling is added. Let me figure on your bill.

B. F. BELLOWES, Lumber, Sonora, Texas.

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Sonora, Texas. March 2, 1912.

Clean Up Day

Dr. H. R. Wardlaw who was appointed county Physician at the last session of the Commissioners Court, suggests that some day in the near—now be designated as Clean Up Day.

No salary is included in the appointment of Dr. Wardlaw as County Physician and his suggestion is solely in the interest of the community—and evidently the public should see that it is not a professional matter—financially at least.

Sonora is a particularly well drained town, is probably one of the cleanest unincorporated cities in the State but even then we have unsanitary conditions and filth accumulations that should not be tolerated by a body of people as intelligent as the News holds that the Sonora people possess.

But then—communities as well as people sleep—and while we will not admit that there is a liver town in West Texas than Sonora still we want to take the beam out of our own eye—and do it now.

The County Health officer has other interests—mostly personal—and no individual should be expected to carry the burden of a community.

Let us therefore set a day say March 20 and as a unit uphold the officers in enforcing the clean premises proposition.

In the mean time those who usually have a clean keep clean their premises may be diligent and by their efforts encourage their neighbors and others to do likewise and there will then be no necessity to call on the court, and the health beauty and contentment of the community will be advanced.

A pain in the side or back that catches you when you straighten up calls for a rubbing application of BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT. It relaxes the contracted muscles and permits ordinary bodily motion without suffering or inconvenience. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by All Dealers.

The date of the Republican National convention at Chicago is set for June 18; the date of the battle of Waterloo; that of the Democratic National convention at Baltimore is set for June 25; the anniversary of Jackson at New Orleans when he told the American troops not to shoot until they could see the white in the eyes of the enemy. The selection of dates is peculiar and the campaign from now on will be interesting.

Farmers and others who live at a distance from a drug store should keep in the house a bottle of BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT. It may be needed at any time for cuts, wounds, sores, sprains or rheumatism. It is a powerful healing and penetrating remedy. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by All Dealers.

The possibility of wide fluctuations in consumption of meat in varying periods of prosperity in the United States may be appreciated by a comparison of the differences in the average of any of the leading countries of the world. The United States, according to figures already given in the Telegram, consumes an average of 185 pounds of meat a year. The average for Australia is 262 and that for Great Britain 115. These figures represent compilations of recent years. There is a difference of over a pound a week between the per capita consumption of Great Britain and that of the United States. The comments on this difference has been many, a leading commercial publication alleging that it indicated wastefulness on the part of Americans. That however, is not true. But the difference does indicate that consumers of the United States may reduce their purchases of meat considerably, as their living conditions are somewhat similar to those of Great Britain. However, the only inflexible that may bring such a reduction is inability to pay for the fuel. For that reason the degree of prosperity of the wage earners of the country and the factors affecting it are worthy of consideration by the reader.—Kansas City Drivers Telegram.

Stilwell Says Illegal Use of the Dollar is as Bad as Dynamiting

An echo of the proposed "money trust" investigation comes from Arthur E. Stilwell, president of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient railway company. It is addressed to the legislators and editors of the United States and in it Mr. Stilwell says:

For 10 years, while developing the Southwest, I have submitted to almost continuous persecution, and I now feel that it is my duty, not alone to the 4,000 people interested with me but to the world as well, to devote the rest of my life to protecting the property I represent, and also exposing certain business methods that have grown up in this so-called land of free.

I wish to help shape public opinion so that dishonesty will no longer be regarded as a virtue. I understand the almost omnipotent power money has and would be appalled at the task were it not for the unseen power that is back of all right endeavor.

We can not go on concentrating all credits of the nation in the hands of the few and escape the consequences of the mob rule in time. Certain groups of rich men combine to ruin rivals by using the power of their wealth; entrenched behind immunity from publicity of the press, they commit deeds that would shame an Apache. This must be stopped. Publicity and public opinion can stop it. There are more skeletons of ruined business attributable to the acts of the money power than could be found on any trail through the West in the Indian days.

There is no difference between dollars and dynamite when both are used for destructive purposes. There is no reason why the nation should bring to justice men who blow up buildings and permit men who destroy business to go free.

Riches should come from honest endeavor as a reward for judgment and energy in business affairs, not from sandbagging American industry. Men bent on such business destruction should not receive the protection of the courts.

All honorable men of wealth ought to favor and help uncover evil use of money and brand those that serve evil, hatred and greed. Were this done radicalism and anarchism would at once cease to exist.

The people of the West are where the ripples of injustice reach. At the haunts of the money power you see the pebble thrown into the pool of life, and when it is out of sight you think it is a closed incident; but the ripples reach all over the land and it is the injustice that money has produced that has given birth to radicalism. If credits were available to enterprise on their merits their would be no radicalism.

If one thinks there is no money power, let him urge his representative in congress to see that adequate powers are conferred upon an investigating committee to enable a few of the scores of well known deals to be thoroughly uncovered. The public will be convinced, and there will be seen such a scuttling for cover as occurs when a large field boulder is lifted and the light let in.

Very truly yours,
A. E. STILWELL,
President.

Children who have worms are pale, cross, fretful, and sickly most of the time. To rid the little body of these parasites WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE is an approved remedy. When the worms have been driven out the child grows strong, healthy and robust. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by All Druggists.

J. G. Barton left on Thursday for San Antonio to visit his folks.

C. S. Holcomb of the Corner Drug Store, is in San Antonio this week buying goods for his store.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bond and son Frank left for the ranch Tuesday, after spending a few days in Sonora the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Trainer.

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HORSES FOR THE ARMY.

There is a great deal of uneasiness in army circles over the problem of an adequate supply of army horses in the United States. The officials of the War Department declare that cavalry and light artillery mounted on ordinary draft horses would be next to useless, yet they cannot see where a sufficient supply of lighter horses may be secured in case of war. Two principal causes have contributed to the big and growing shortage of horses suitable for army purposes. The first of these is the remarkable success that has attended the efforts of Department Agriculture to get the farmers of the country to raise draft horses; the other is the stonewall.

At the end of the Civil War there were almost no heavy draft horses in the United States. Then followed an era of education for the farmer, in which it was pointed out that he would find it to his interest to raise draft stock rather than lighter animals. The process of education was slow; but it has been so sure that now the farmers of the country are breeding draft horses almost exclusively. They find such animals better suited for a farm work, and in the past they have found a much more attractive market for surplus horses of this kind than for those lighter weight.

The other principal cause for the growing shortage in the number of lighter horses is the automobile. People who used carriage horses a decade ago use the automobile now. Men who always had saddle horses a decade ago are satisfied with a touring car now. The result is that the city demand for lighter horses for carriages and saddle purposes has fallen off, while the demand for draft horses, in spite of the growing use of the automobile truck, has continued to increase. The expansion of American industry has been going forward even more rapidly than the breeding of draft horses and the building of auto trucks.

There is another element in the horse situation that occasions alarm to the army officers who would see an adequate supply of military horses to meet the demands of a big war. That is the exportation of nearly all of the country's racing stock. The prohibition of race track gambling is admitted by most people to be right and proper but it has resulted in dozens of the best sires in the country being shipped to England and elsewhere, giving those countries just that much advantage over us in the question of a future supply of army horses.

The War Department has joined hands in trying to get the horse breeders of the country to breed enough light horses to meet the prospective, as well as the immediate demands of the United States Army. It is pointed out that the outbreak of hostilities in this country would require 50,000 light horses at once. It is likewise pointed out that the number of horses needed annually in case of war would be very large. During a single year of the Civil War the Federal Government bought nearly 200,000 horses, and the capture of more than 20,000 was reported. This required a daily supply of some 600 horses. During eight months the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac alone was twice remounted, 40,000 horses being required. Under Gen. Phil Sheridan the cavalry of the Army of the Shenandoah had to be remounted every four months. It is estimated that if we had to fight a war of such consequence as to require 50,000 horses for officers' cavalry and field artillery at one time it would take 150,000 a year to keep the supply up to that standard.

The army officials admit that they do not know where such a supply would come from. They point to the fact that Britain bought more than 100,000 horses in the United States for service in the Boer War, and that even this demand went a long way toward causing the shortage of horses of the army type which now exists in the United States. Prior to the Boer War England was content to rely on the colonies and the United States for its army horses, but the lessons of that war were such that the British have followed the lead of continental Europe, and are now spending \$200,000 a year in encouraging the breeding of army horses at home.

The plan which the Department of Agriculture and the War Department have worked out to lend effective encouragement to the breeding of army horses involves a Government stud of a hundred horses about fifty of them thoroughbreds, twenty-five standards breds, fifteen saddle horses and ten Morgans. These horses would be distributed through four districts especially suited for breeding army horses, and the colts from these horses would be subject to an option of the Government at 8 years of age. It is estimated that the maintenance of this stud would cost \$250,000 for the first year and \$100,000 a year thereafter.

Other governments spend money freely in encouraging the breeding of army horses. Germany is ahead of all others. The gov-

ernment stud consists of nearly 4,000 horses, and among them are included Galtee More and Ard Patrick, the English Derby winners of 1897 and 1902 respectively. For these two horses the Prussian government paid \$166,000. France is almost as well situated as Germany in the number of sires of the army horse type owned by the government. Austria spent nearly a million dollars in a single year recently in promoting the breeding of horses suitable for the army. In Europe the price paid by the government for army horses is higher than in America. In 1910 the prevailing price in Prussia was \$253. For 3 year olds in Bavaria the price was \$243, and for 4 year olds it was \$313. The United States army pay about \$150 a head for 3-year old horses.

The mounted service of the regular army is now being supplied with horses which are bought young, developed and trained at the regular remount depots, and issued to the troops at ages ranging from 4 1/2 to 5 years, properly trained and ready for work. The remount depots were first established in 1918. The horses for these depots are purchased directly from the farmers, instead of through middlemen under the contract system. The mounted service had a great many unsatisfactory horses which had been bought under the old contract system, but these are gradually being weeded out and replaced with better horses brought into the service through the remount depots.

The first remount station to be established was one at Fort Reno, Okla. A year later a similar station was established at Fort Keogh, Mont., and the military appropriation bill of 1912 carried an appropriation of \$200,000 for the purchase of lands for the remount station at Fort Royal, Va. It is asserted by the officials that the remount station system has everything in its favor, and that it meets with all the demands of the army while on a peace footing, but that it will not be adequate for developing a stock of army type horses sufficient to meet the tremendous demands of a war.

While the United States cavalry is fairly well mounted it would never figure in the ribbon-winning class in a contest with some other bodies of mounted Americans. For instance, it is said that the mounted police force of New York City is the best mounted body of men in the United States. About seventy-five new horses are brought into the force every year and the prices paid are about double those paid the army for cavalry purposes. The force has nearly five hundred horses, and the average

price per head is \$372.50. These horses are brought under contract from a single firm, and are said to be principally of trotting-bred stock. Only about half the horses purchased by the contractor are able to measure up to the specifications of the police department, which includes a thirty day test under service conditions in the department.

Not only does the regular army have its difficulties with the remount problem, but the militia as well. The militia artillery and cavalry have even greater difficulty in getting suitable horses. Squadron C, Brooklyn (N. Y.) National Guard is solving the problem in part by owning and conducting a breeding farm where its remounted horses are bred. For most militia organizations however the hired horse is a necessity even if he is a source of pain and discomfort to his rider and a heavy expense to the State.

It is a strange fact that while the United States has more horses than any other country on the globe except Russia, and while there were plenty of horses to supply the vast demand of both armies in the Civil war, the rise of the draft horse and the decline of the lighter horse leaves America with a smaller visible and prospective supply of army type horse flesh than any other principal country. The war department feels that American cavalry, mounted on horses of draft stock breeding, would stand precious little show of offsetting foreign cavalry mounted on real cavalry horses.

Frederic J. Haskin.

Do you know that of all the minor ailments colds are by far the most dangerous? It is not the cold itself that you need to fear, but the serious diseases that it often leads to. Most of these are known as germ diseases. Pneumonia and consumption are among them. Why not take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and cure your cold while you can? For sale by all Dealers.

Attractive Exhibits at Fat Stock Show.

Fort Worth, Texas, (The 1912 National Feeders & Breeders Show, commonly known as the Fort Worth Fat Stock Show, will be held at the Stock Yards in North Fort Worth, March 15-23rd. The management promises to give the largest and finest livestock exposition ever held south of Chicago. In addition to all of the regular attractions, many new and interesting features will be added, the most important of these being a Poultry Show held under the auspices of the Fort Worth Poultry & Pigeon Association, and a Land, or Agricultural Show.

The premium list is much larger and consequently there will be a far greater number of exhibits than ever before. The Night Horse Show will have new and interesting features, and the amusements both day and night will be well worth seeing.

Devos Takes Least Gallons: Always.

Paint Devos; it's the cheapest paint in the world; never mind the price; it may or may not be more. Less gallons will paint the house, and the paint will outwear anything.

Skip wear; you've got to wait, to find that out. It covers more; you haven't got to wait to find that out.

It's the cheapest of all; no matter about the price.

N. F. Watkins, Lott, Texas, used 13 gallons on his house before; bought 13 gallons Devos for the same house and had 16 left.

That's how.

Sold by E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Repels Attract of Death.

"Five years ago two doctors told me I had only two months to live." This startling statement was made by Stillman Malachite, Col. "They told me I would die with consumption. I was up to me then to try lung medicine and I began to get better. I bought King's New Discovery and well I did, for today I am a big and believe I owe my life to this great throat and lung medicine that has cheated the grave of another victim. I suffer with coughs, throat and lung troubles. Take the cure that's new. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Nathans Pharmacy.

New Phones.
Cut this list out and paste it on your Phone card.
C. M. Steel 10
J. O. Eastland 115
E. L. Hearn 121
Chas. Caruthers 135
Cole & White garage 136
Please ring off.
E. C. Beam, Manager.

THE SONORA RESTAURANT,

FISH & OYSTERS IN SEASON
SHORT ORDERS.
Fred Jacobson, Pro.

E. P. FINNEY,
ROCK MASON,
Cement Tanks, Troughs and Vats.
All work guaranteed.
Estimates Furnished.
SONORA, TEXAS.

JOHN GARRETT,
ROCK MASON,
Cement Tanks, Troughs and Vats.
All work guaranteed.
Estimates Furnished.
SONORA, TEXAS.

Town Lots.
For town lots, closest in, largest size, highest up, or lower down See T. D. Newell, owner.
54 1/2 Sonora, Texas.

JACKS FOR SALE.

I have for sale 15 Jacks from 3 to 6 years old. They are of the J. K. Thomson stock. Can be seen at my place at Eldorado.

CHARLIE WEST,
OF 12, Eldorado, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 21 miles south of Sonora for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood, working stock, hunting hogs or injuring fences, without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

D. B. CUSENBARK,
91 Sonora, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 2 1/2 miles below Owenville, for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood, working stock, hunting hogs or injuring fences, without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Max Luckie,
98-12 Owenville, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 6 miles south of Sonora, for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting hogs without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

J. T. Evans, Sr.
56-1/2

When you go to San Angelo call on Eddie Maier, at the Favorite Saloon, he will treat you O. K. 72-1/2

Ranch Bargain.

8,000 acres, improvements cost over \$6,000; well watered, splendid grama grass, money maker, no mountains, nice valleys; desirable location, near railroad; irrigated garden and orchard; magnificent residence, no trade. Will show you Price \$2 bonus, easy terms. HYSAW LAND CO.
09 4 Marfa, Texas.

Town lots in Sonora are for sale by the Martin Commission Co. Buy one now and get in on the ground floor. Do it now before prices advance. The new maps are being made and the dedication of the streets and alleys will be made as soon as possible. Factful title. No trouble to show you. See Martin Commission Co.

Take home. Buy from your people. Make your home. Assist your progressive. your home town. your children. to every thing. nothing against your home town. Think about it.

Take HERBINE for indigestion. It relieves the pain in a few minutes and forces the fermented matter which causes the misery into the bowels where it is expelled. Price 50c. Sold by All Druggists.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.

CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000.00
SURPLUS 34,500.00

The Oldest Bank in the Devil's River Country.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

W. L. ALDWELL, President; E. F. VANDER STUCKEN,

Vice Pres; G. S. Allison, Will Whitehead,

E. E. Sawyer, D. J. Wyatt.

ROY E. ALDWELL, Assistant Cashier.

We pay 4 per cent on saving deposits.

No Substitutes-- YOU GET WHAT YOU CALL FOR at the
CORNER DRUG STORE

C. S. HOLGOMB, Proprietor.

NATHAN'S PHARMACY

(The place where you get the best for your money.)

Exclusive agent for Jacob's Candles (The best in the South.) Eastman's Kodaks (the only Kodak.) Mulford Pharmaceutical (the World's Highest Standard.) These combined with courteous treatment, experience and conscientious scruples, make it worth your while to let him do your drug store business.

A pretty line of Diamonds, CUT-CLASS, JEWELRY

and WATCHES always on display.

A. H. NATHAN, Proprietor, Sonora, Texas.

SUMMER SCHOOL.

Special review classes in all subject for certificate. Excellent opportunity for review work. Examination for State and County certificates, will be held during the term.

TERM OF TEN WEEKS

Only a limited number will be enrolled, which insures opportunities superior to a Summer Normal. Pupils of the 7th grade and above enrolled.

Tuition reasonable. Excellent boarding facilities for non-resident pupils. See or write

J. A. WOODFORD, Superintendent,
Term Opens April 30. Sonora, Texas.

J. J. North left on business visit to Castroville this week.

To Mothers--And Others--

You can use Bucklen's Arnica Salve to cure children of eczema, rashes, tetter, chafage, sores and crusted humors, as well as their accidental injuries,--cuts, burns, bruises, etc., with perfect safety. Nothing else heals so quickly. For boils, ulcers, old, running or fever sores or piles it has no equal. 25 cts at Nathans Pharmacy.

James J. Neil a well known attorney of San Angelo was among the "Judges" in Sonora last Saturday.

HERBINE cures constipation and re-establishes normal movements. Price 50c per bottle. All Dealers.

H. L. Wade of the Devil's River which is promoting the Schreiner in Edwards county in the W. T. O. Helm in pasture on the line of the Orient as it passes through Sonora north to Del Rio and a connection with the City of Mexico, was in Sonora this week circulating literature and boosting the company's project.

Rev. Renfro of the Methodist church, San Angelo was in Sonora last week.

J. A. Allison who ranches in the Middle Valley Country, was in Sonora Wednesday trading.

Charlie Caruthers and Dee Schollie were in Sonora Saturday from the Whitehead ranch on business.

Mrs. Chris Meinecke of Ozona was visiting her father Pharis Hurst this week.

Glorious News.

comes from Dr. J. T. Curtiss, Dwight, Kan. He writes: "I not only cured bad cases of patients with Electric but also cured myself the same disease. I will benefit any case." This shows what have proved, that Electric is a most effective. It is an excellent for eczema, tetter, salt sores, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, helps up the strength and satisfaction guaranteed by Nathans Pharmacy.

Report of the Condition OF THE First National Bank of Sonora, at Sonora,

in the State of Texas, at the close of business, February 20, 1912.

RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts.....\$207,190.83
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....7,120.85
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....50,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds.....800.00
Banking house, Furniture and fixtures.....4,800.00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents).....3,016.80
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies, and Savings Banks.....10,822.98
Due from approved reserve agents.....62,356.08
Checks and other cash items.....8.30
Notes of other National Banks.....1,020.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents.....8.30
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:
Special.....\$2,640.00
Legal tender notes 7,853.00
Receipt fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation).....2,500.00
Total.....\$300,458.24

LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in.....\$100,000.00
Surplus fund.....20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....11,015.98
National Bank notes outstanding.....49,997.50
Due to other National Banks.....2,341.05
Dividends unpaid.....1,345.00
Individual deposits subject to check.....175,010.70
Cashier's checks outstanding.....245.00
Total.....\$300,458.24

STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY OF SUTTON,
I, W. L. Aldwell, President of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. L. Aldwell, President,
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of February, 1912.
J. A. Hagerlund, Notary Public,
Sutton County, Texas.

Correct Attest:
E. E. Sawyer,
D. J. Wyatt,
E. F. Vander Stucken, Directors.

Recapitulation.
RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts.....\$214,627.69
U. S. Bonds.....50,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds.....800.00
Banking House and fixtures.....4,800.00
Cash in Banks and Vaults.....37,780.53
Due from U. S. Treasurer.....2,500.00
Total.....\$300,458.24

LIABILITIES.
Capital.....\$100,000.00
Surplus & Undivided profits less expenses.....31,615.98
Circulation.....49,997.50
Deposits.....177,844.76
Total.....\$300,458.24

Miss Jennie Brown has gone on a visit to friends and relatives at Kerrville.

Henry Rancome a former ranger has been appointed Chief of Police in Houston.

J. Willis Johnson, banker and stockman of San Angelo was a visitor in Sonora last Saturday.

If you have trouble in getting rid of your cold you may know that you are not treating it properly. There is no reason why a cold should hang on for weeks and it will not if you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by All Dealers.

W. C. Strackbein returned Thursday from a trip to San Antonio where he conveyed his 15 year old daughter Louise for medical treatment.

John W. Siskel Smith, Greensboro Pa. has three children, and like most children they frequently take cold. "We have tried several kinds of cough medicine," he says, "but have never found any yet that did them as much good as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy." For sale by All Dealers.

J. Montague of the O9 ranch was a visitor in Sonora Tuesday. He wanted to buy 400 cows but we have not learned of his having bought them in the Sonora country.

The most common cause of insomnia is disorders of the stomach. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets correct these disorders and enable you to sleep. For sale by All Dealers.

Mrs. G. S. Allison and daughters Misses Clara and Dollie, accompanied by Dr. H. R. Wardlaw and J. S. Allison have gone to Galveston where it is expected Miss Dollie will be examined about an infection about her knee joint.

When you have rheumatism in your foot or instep apply Chamberlain's Liniment and you will get quick relief. It costs but a quarter. Why suffer? For sale by All Dealers.

Cal Word who ranches on the Pecos and whose Post office is Constock was in Sonora this week trading.

E. M. Kirkland who ranches about 18 miles south of Sonora, was in town Monday and settled up with the Devil.

Mrs. A. R. Cauthorn and sons Willie and Mat were in Sonora Friday to have the latter given medical treatment. The boy is suffering from an attack of the La Grippe. J. A. Cauthorn accompanied them to town.

LOST on Sunday February 11 a gold Class Pin 1911. It is in the form of an open book. Please return to Mrs. Henry Decker.

Notice to The Public.

Having been delegated and empowered by Mrs. Winnie R. Aldwell and Mary Luna Jackson to represent them and their interests in the estate of E. R. Jackson, we herewith give notice to all parties interested in said estate or having claims against said estate, to file said claims with us at Sonora, Texas in the next fifteen days, and we now give notice to all parties in default to said estate by note or otherwise that we are the sole and only persons authorized to collect said notes or money due said estate and any persons so indebted paying same to any person other than those of the undersigned are hereby notified that they make such payment at their risk. Mr. G. W. Shield, a member of the undersigned Board of Commissioners, has been placed in charge of the ranch belonging to the estate of E. R. Jackson deceased, and also the live stock, and any person having cattle, sheep, mules, horses, hogs, geese or any other live stock the same being the property of said estate, are hereby notified that Mr. G. W. Shield is the only person authorized to handle or receive such live stock in any way whatsoever or make disposition of same.

(Signer)
C. B. HUDSPETH,
G. W. SHIELD,
W. L. ALDWELL,
JAMES CORNELL

Commissioners for the Estate of E. R. Jackson, deceased,
February 27th, 1912.

First National of Sonora.

The report of the condition of the First National Bank of Sonora as called for by the Comptroller of Currency for the United States on February 20, 1912, is published in this issue of the News as required by law.

This report is of particular interest to the stockholders and patrons of this bank, because since the last report required, has occurred the death of the late President E. R. Jackson, reputed to have been one of the wealthiest men in West Texas, his demise, has however apparently effected this successful institution not in the slightest, and there was no reason why it should have, as the present President W. L. Aldwell has been acting president and cashier; in fact general manager of the bank almost since its organization in 1900.

When in 1911 the capital stock of the bank was increased from \$50,000 to \$100,000 the late E. R. Jackson ceased to control the majority of the stock of First National it having been thought advisable when increasing the capital to distribute the stock as to strengthen the institution by adding to its stockholders many other prominent and wealthy local financiers by increasing their holdings.

The idea was that after ten years management, the stock of this bank was not inviting to outsiders, the better a change of management the sooner for all concerned. But all of the available new stock intended to double the capital of the First National of Sonora was hard to distribute to the desire of local capitalists until almost all of the wealthy men of the Sonora country are numbered on its directory and others are stockholders.

While the early death of E. R. Jackson, its first President, is lamented by the stockholders and officers of said bank, it is the intention of the News, just now to call our readers attention to the present statement of condition.

The report of condition in this issue shows, and we would call your attention to a few of the items:
Loans and discounts \$214,627.69;
cash on hand and in banks \$57,730.55
Capital and surplus \$131,615.98;
Deposits \$178,844.66. No bills payable and nothing else outstanding.

This is the most remarkable showing made by the First National Bank of Sonora at this season of the year and is a tribute to the conditions locally of the Sonora Country.

Nineteen Miles a Second
without a jar, shock or disturbance, is the awful speed of our earth through space. We wonder at such ease of nature's movement, and so do those who take Dr. King's New Life Pills. No gripping, no distress, just through work that brings good health and fine feelings. 25c at Nathans Pharmacy.

ANNUAL REPORT OF J. D. LOWREY, COUNTY CLERK, SUTTON COUNTY, TEXAS.

Showing the aggregate amount received and paid out of each fund and balance to Dr. and Cr. Also the amount to the Dr. and Cr. of the several officers mentioned. Also the amount of indebtedness of the County to whom and for what due, with the date of same for the year, 1911.

JURY FUND 1st Class	DR	CR
Balance on hand February 13, 1911	\$ 907 10	
To amount received since said date	687 73	
By amount disbursed since said date		395 70
By amount to balance		1288 64
Total	1684 43	1684 43
To balance in fund		1288 64

ROAD AND BRIDGE FUND 2nd Class	DR	CR
Balance on hand Feb 13, 1911	3363 41	
To amount received since said date	8897 12	2914 65
By amount disbursed since said date		3345 85
By amount to balance		7260 53
Total	7260 53	7260 53
To balance in fund		3345 85

GENERAL FUND 3rd Class	DR	CR
Balance on hand Feb. 13, 1911	5189 41	
To amount received since said date	7050 96	5897 33
By amount to balance		6412 81
Total	12280 37	12280 37
To balance in fund		6412 81

COURT HOUSE AND JAIL FUND 4th Class	DR	CR
Balance on hand Feb. 13, 1911	3544 90	
To amount received since said date	4097 17	
By amount disbursed since said date		1323 20
By amount to balance		6418 87
Total	7742 16	7742 16
To balance in fund		6418 87

The following balances appear to the debit or credit of the several officers of the County, at the close of the year ending February 12, 1912:

J. S. Allison, Tax Collector,	Dr.	Cr.
County Advalorem	202 51	
County Special	227 62	
County Poll		15 20
District School	27 26	
District School No 5	642 00	
District School No 6	3 07	
County Occupation	549 75	
J. E. Grimland, County Treasurer:		
Jury Fund	1288 64	
Road and Bridge	3345 85	
General Fund	6412 84	
Court House & Jail	6418 87	
Total	17466 20	

The bonded indebtedness I find to be as follows to wit:
Road and Bridge Bonds 7000 00
Court House and Jail Bonds 22 00 00
29 00 00

THE STATE OF TEXAS } I, J. D. Lowrey, County Clerk
COUNTY OF SUTTON. } in and for Sutton County, Texas,
do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true and correct report for the year, A. D. 1911, as required by Article 935, General Laws of the State of Texas, approved May 11th, A. D. 1893.

Given under my hand and seal of office, at Sonora, Texas, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1912.

J. D. LOWREY,
Clerk of the County Court of Sutton County, Texas

STOCK NEWS.

R. B. Martin of Sonora bought 50 yearling steers from E. M. Kirkland at \$20 per head.

G. W. Whitehead and Sons sold 59 head of yearling mules to G. W. Henderson of Brady at \$45 per head delivered at Menard.

The 26th Annual Convention of the Cattle Raisers Association of Texas will be held in Ft. Worth, Texas, March 19th, 20th and 21st, 1912.

For Sale or Trade for Mules or Coats.
I have two Jacks coming 4 year old, one 14 and one 15 hands standard measure, Big boned good style, high headed, fat and ready for work. Guaranteed in every respect.

Also 15 or 20 good mares 4 to 8 years old in foal to these Jacks. For further particulars see or write,
J. W. BABB,
12-4 Rick Springs, Texas.

Arthur Martin of the Crowther Hardware Co., of San Angelo, was in Sonora several days this week soliciting trade for his house.

Jones Miller a prominent stock man of Crockett County was in Sonora Sunday on his way to Edwards County to look at some horse track.

W. A. Miers one of Suttons most successful stockmen was a business visitor in Sonora Friday. Mr. Miers has finished his wolf proof fence and turned his stock loose.

The Sonora Mercantile Co. has installed a new line of glass, dust proof fixtures on the dry goods side. The arrangement makes a marked change in the appearance of the store.

E. E. Sawyer and S. C. Miers returned Thursday from a day's fishing on the North and formerly the ranch owned by Mr. Sawyer. Their trip was successful they having caught 30 head of bass two of which weighed 5 3-4 pounds each.

Ch. R. Roosevelt plunged into the thick of the fight for the Presidential nomination Monday. He said unequivocally he was in the contest to the end and he was glad of it. He replied to the charge that he would be breaking the "third term" pledge if he accepted another nomination by saying he then meant a "third successive term" and asserted that whether he should be the choice of his party at the Chicago convention, he would abide by its decision.

Devil's River News

Published Weekly. MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor. STEVE MURPHY, Publisher. Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise. Subscription \$2 a Year in Advance. Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora, second-class matter.

Sonora, Texas. March 2, 1912.

MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

Story of a Curious Instance of Telepathy in Sleep.

The stuff that dreams are made of is usually of nonsense that is impossible in real and wide awake life, but frequently the dreamer sees before his sleeping eyes incidents that are quite within the range of possibility. Sometimes we wake up with a start and cannot at once grasp the fact that the realistic scene we have just been witnessing or taking part in was nothing more than a baseless vision.

It has often occurred to me whether, when one person, peacefully asleep in his bed, suddenly finds himself mixed up with other persons in a dreamland drama or comedy, these other persons are also at the same time transported into the strange fairyland and find themselves participating in curious ceremonies, no two persons having precisely the same dream, but all mixed up indescribably in a play which beggars description. Until a short time ago I had never put this idea of telepathy in dreamland to the test.

On a recent morning, however, I had a very short dream—it could not have lasted many seconds. Without any of the preliminary mysteries common to most dreams I found myself watching the violent struggles of a young man, who appeared to be tearing everything to tatters. In the midst of his struggles he crystallized into one of my colleagues, but whether he was fighting with any person or what was the cause of the struggle my dream afforded not the smallest clue. But I felt it was my duty to assist him in his gallant fight, so I sprang forward, gripped him by his coat collar, dragged him—my dream ceased on the spot!

Now for the sequel. I met my colleague in the afternoon, explained to him how he had been concerned in a violent altercation the night before and how I had hauled him out of the melee. When he was told that this occurred in a dream he at once replied that he had had a very disconcerting dream during the night. He found himself suddenly surrounded by a herd of infuriated bullocks and he had the usual dreamland struggles in vainly endeavoring to escape from his tormentors.

It was when the herd long horn of the leader of the yard was about to pierce him that I rescued him! He had devoted his spare time the day before in reading exciting descriptions of the behavior of herds of buffaloes on the American plains in past times, and his dream followed almost as a matter of course. But why I should have been made a party to the incident is more than I can fathom.

I had read nothing and had not been out to dinner even, but I was unusually tired and had gone to bed a couple of hours earlier than usual. The explanation of the dreamland telepathy must be left in the hands of more capable investigators, but the facts stated above are incontrovertible.—Pall Mall Gazette.

How to Improve It.

When Grant was president a delegation went to Washington to see about getting an appropriation for dredging a certain stream. They called on the president and tried to interest him in the plan.

"Let's see," said Grant, reflectively, "didn't I cross that stream in such and such a campaign, just before we fought such and such a battle?"

"You certainly did, Mr. President," said the spokesman of the delegation, hopefully.

"The president was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"I remember that stream; but I think you're going the wrong way about to improve it. Why don't you macadamize it?"—Youth's Companion.

Domestic Economy.

"It would appear," sagely observed a Boston divine, "that men, like plants, adapt themselves to conditions, and to illustrate this theory I may offer the story of two men at the Hub, one of whom said to the other at a pleasantly critical period:

"Do you think that two can live as cheaply as one?"

"Before my marriage I thought they could," was the guarded reply.

"And afterward?"

"Afterward I found that they had to!"—Lippincott's.

Gave Himself Away.

After preaching on the occasion of the reopening of a restored church the bishop thanked the churchwarden, an old farmer, for his share in the good work.

"And I must thank your lordship for your sermon," was the reply, "but I could not help thinking, as you talked about sin, that your lordship must have been a little unwell yourself when you were a young man."

SPLENDID HAZARD

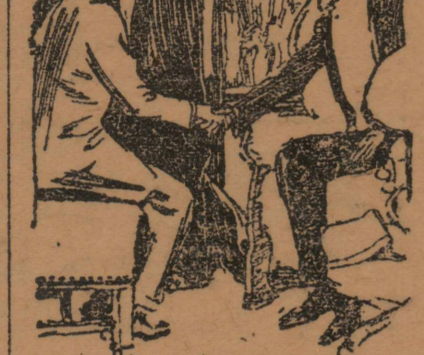
BY Harold McGrath.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ROBBS MERRILL COMPANY.

him. You will find your noises are entirely those of imagination. "Have it that way," she agreed patiently. "But here's Mr. Fitzgerald still," said the admiral pointedly. "Not long ago you said to me that if ever I saw the son of David Fitzgerald to bring him home. Till yesterday I never saw him; only then because Mrs. Coldfield pointed him out and wondered what he was doing with a tray of statuettes around his neck. As I could not invite him to come home with me, I did the next best thing. I invited him to call on me. I was told that he was fond of adventures, so I gave the invitation as much color as I could. Do I stand pardoned?"

"Indeed you do!" cried Fitzgerald. So this was the Killigrew his father had known?

"David Fitzgerald your father? That makes all the difference in the world." The admiral thrust out a hand. "Your father wasn't a good business man, nor was he in the navy, but he could draw charts of the At-



WILL JONES

"DAVID FITZGERALD YOUR FATHER?" laudic coast with his eyes shut Laura, you get the whisky and sugar and hot water. You haven't brought me a secretary, but you have brought under my roof the son of an old friend."

She laughed. It was rich and free-toned laughter good for any man to hear. As she went to prepare the toddy music echoed through the hall.

"Sometimes I wake up in the morning with a new gray hair," sighed the admiral. "What would you do with a girl like that?"

"I'd hang on to her as long as I could," earnestly. "Your father and I were old friends. There wasn't a yacht on these waters that could show him her heels, not even my own. You don't mean to tell me you're no yachtsman? Why, it ought to be in the blood."

"Oh, I can handle small craft, but I don't know much about the engine room. What time does the next train return to New York?"

"For you there'll be no train under a week. You're going to stay here, since you've been the victim of a hoax."

"Disabuse your mind there, sir. I don't know when I've enjoyed anything so thoroughly."

"But you'll stay? Oh, yes," as Fitzgerald shook his head. "The secretary can do the work here while you and I can take care of the rats in the hold. Laura's just imagining things, but we'll humor her. If there's any trouble with the chimney, why, we'll get a bricklayer and pull it down."

"Miss Killigrew may have some real cause for alarm. I saw a man, or rather, I heard him, running as I came up the road from the gates. I called to him, but he did not answer."

"Is that so? Wasn't the porter at the gates when you came in?"

"No. The footpath was free. If the porter isn't there the gate bell rings. I can open it myself by wire. I never bother about it at night unless I am expecting some one. But in the daytime I can see from here whether or not I wish to open the gate. A man running in the park, eh? Little good it will do him. The house is a network of burglar alarms."

"Wires can be cut and quickly repaired."

"But this is no house to rob. All my valuables, excepting these books, are in New York. The average burglar isn't of a literary turn of mind. Still, if Laura has really heard something, all the more reason why you should make us a visit. Wait a moment. I've an idea. The admiral set the burglar alarm and tried it. The expression on his face was blank. "Am I getting deaf?"

"No bell rang," said Fitzgerald quickly.

"By cracky, if Laura is right! But not a word to her, mind. When she goes upstairs we'll take a trip into the cellar and have a look at the main wire. You've got to stay; that's all there is about it. This is serious. I hadn't tested the wires in a week."

"Perhaps it's only a fuse."

"We can soon find out about that."

She entered with a tray and two steaming toddies, as graceful a being as Helie before she spilled the precious drop. The two men could not keep their eyes off her, the one with loving possession, the other with admiration not wholly free from unrest. The laughing manner in which she had turned him here would never be forgettable. And she had known him at the start? And that merry Mrs. Coldfield in the plot?

"I'll home this will cheer you, father."

"It always does," replied the admiral.

She entered with a tray and two steaming toddies, as graceful a being as Helie before she spilled the precious drop. The two men could not keep their eyes off her, the one with loving possession, the other with admiration not wholly free from unrest. The laughing manner in which she had turned him here would never be forgettable. And she had known him at the start? And that merry Mrs. Coldfield in the plot?

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as he took the second glass. "I have asked Mr. Fitzgerald to spend a week with us."

"Thank you, father. It was thoughtful of you. If you had not asked him the pleasure of doing so would have been mine. Mrs. Coldfield pointed you out to me as a most ungrateful fellow, because you never called on your father's or mother's friends any more, but preferred to gallivant around the world. You will stay? We are very unconventional here."

"Thanks, very much; I shall be very happy to stay. My handbag, however, is at Swan's hotel, and there's very little in it."

"A trifling matter to send to New York for what you need," said the admiral, mightily pleased to have a man to talk to who was not paid to reply. "I'll have Williams bring the cart round and take you down."

"No, no; I had much rather walk. I'll turn up some time in the morning—say luncheon, if that will be agreeable to you."

"As you please. Only I should like to save you an unpleasant walk in the dark."

"I don't mind. A dark street in a country village this side of the Atlantic holds little or no danger."

"I offered to build a first class lighting plant if the town would agree to pay the running expenses, but the council threw it over. They want me to build a library. Not much to hold on to," as Fitzgerald was rising. "You are not going right away, I shall permit that. Just a little visit first."

Fitzgerald resumed his chair. "Have a cigar. Laura is used to it."

"But does Miss Killigrew like it?" laughing.

"Cigars and pipes and cigarettes, she returned. "I am really fond of the aroma. I have tried to acquire the cigarette habit, but I have not to learn what satisfaction you men get out of it."

Conversation veered in various directions and finally rested upon the subject of piracy, and here the admiral proved himself a rare scholar. By some peculiar inadvertency as he was in the middle of one of his own adventures his finger touched the burglar alarm. "Brrr!" From top to bottom of the house came the shock of differently voiced bells. The two men gazed at each other dumfounded. But the girl laughed merrily.

"You touched the alarm, father."

"I rather believe I did. And a few minutes before you came in with the toddies I tried it, and it didn't work."

It took some time to quiet the servants, and when that was done Fitzgerald had determined to go down to the village.

"Good night, Mr. Fitzgerald," said the girl. "Better beware. This house is haunted."

"We'll see if we can't lay that ghost, as they say," he responded.

The admiral came to the door. "What do you make of it?" he whispered.

"You possibly did not press the button squarely the first time. And that was Fitzgerald's genuine belief."

"By the way, will you take a note for me to Swan's? It will not take me a moment to scribble it."

"Certainly."

Finally the young man found himself in the park heading quickly to ward the gates. He was dead the night keenly, but this time he neither heard nor saw any one. But the most surprising turn was yet to come.

In the office of Swan's hotel the land lord sat snoozing peacefully behind the desk. There was only one customer. He was a gray haired, ruddy visaged old salt in white duck—at this time of year—and a blue sack coat dotted with shining brass buttons, the whole five foot four topped by a gold braided officer's cap. He was drinking what is jocularly called a "schooner" of beer, and finishing this he lurches from the room with a rolling, hiccupping gait, due entirely to a wooden peg which extended from his right knee down to a highly polished brass ferrule.

Fitzgerald awakened the landlord and gave him the admiral's note.

"You will be sure and give this to the gentleman in the morning?"

"Certainly, sir. Mr. Karl Brettmann," reading the superscription aloud. "Yes, sir; first thing in the morning."

CHAPTER VI.

A BIT OF ROMANTIC HISTORY.

KARL BREITMANN'S Private secretary to Rear Admiral Killigrew, retired.

Could there be two Breitmanns by the name of Karl? Here and there, across the world, he had heard of Breitmann, but never had he seen him since that meeting in Paris. And, simply because he had proved to be an enthusiastic student of Napoleon, like himself, he had taken the man to dinner. But that was nothing. Under the same circumstances he would have done the same thing again. There had been some thing fascinating about the fellow, either his voice or his manner. And there could be no doubting that he had been at ebb tide; the shiny coat, the white, but ragged linen, the cracked patent leathers.

A baron, and to reach the humble grade of private secretary to an eccentric millionaire—for the admiral with all his kindness and common sense, was eccentric—this was a fall. Where were his newspapers? There was a dignity to foreign work, even though in Europe the pay is small. There was trouble going on here and there, petty wars and political squabbles. Yes, where were his newspapers? Had he tried New York? If not, in that case, he—Fitzgerald—could be of some solid assistance. And Cathewe knew him, or met him.

Fitzgerald had buffeted the high and

low places; he seldom made mistakes in judging men offhand, an art acquired only after many initial blunders. This man Breitmann was no shogin; he was a scholar, a gentleman, a fine linguist, versed in politics and war. Well, the little mystery would be brushed aside in the morning. Breitmann would certainly recognize him. But to have forgotten the girl! To have permitted a course of events to discover her! Shameful! He jumped into bed, and pulled the coverlet close to his nose, and was soon asleep, sleep broken by fantastic dreams, in which the past and present mixed with the improbable chances of the future. He slept soundly till 8.

On the way to the dining room, he met the man. The scars were a little deeper in color and the face was thinner, but there was no shadow of doubt in Fitzgerald's mind.

"Breitmann?" he said, with a friendly hand.

"It is you Fitzgerald? And what do you here?" extending both hands.

"Come in to breakfast," Fitzgerald said, "and I'll tell you."

"My table is here; sit by the window. Who was it said that the world is small?"

Fitzgerald spread his napkin over his knees. There was only one other man breakfasting. He was a small, wiry person, white as hair, and spectacles, and was at that moment curiously employed. He had planned to the table a small butterfly, yellow, with tiny dots on the wings. He was critically inspecting his find through a jeweler's glass.

"I am visiting friends here," began Fitzgerald. "Rear Admiral Killigrew was an old friend of my father's. I did not expect to remain, but the admiral and his daughter insisted; so I am sending to New York for my luggage, and will go up this morning."

"No reason for giving fuller details. I was hungry that night in Paris; I have been hungry many times since. I have held honorable places; today I become a servant at \$75 a month and my bread and butter. A private secretary."

"But why aren't you with some newspaper?" asked Fitzgerald, breaking his eggs.

Breitmann drew up his shoulders. "For the same reason that I am renting my brains as a private secretary. None of them will employ me."

"In New York, with your credit there?"

"Even so."

"I don't quite understand."

"It would take too long to explain. I can give you some letters."

"Thank you. It would be useless. Secretly and subconsciously, I have had the bottom knocked out from under my feet. But no more of that. Some day I will give you my version."

The little man smiled over his butterfly, took out a wallet, something on the pattern of a fisherman's, and put the new found specimen into one of the mica compartments, in which other dead butterflies of variant beauty reposed.

"So I become a private secretary till the time offers something better," Breitmann stared at the sea.

"I am sorry. I wish I could help you. Better let me try," Fitzgerald stirred his coffee. "You are convinced that there is some canal working against you in the newspaper busi-

ness? That seems strange. Some of them must have heard of your work—London, Paris, Berlin. Have you tried them all?"

"Yes. Nothing for me but promises as thick as yonder sands."

The little man rose and walked out of the room, smiling.

"Splendid!" he murmured. "What a specimen to add to my collection!"

"Do you know what your duties will be?" Fitzgerald inquired.

"They will consist of replying to begging letters from the needy and deserving, from crazy inventors and ministers. In the meantime I am to do translating, together with indexing a vast library devoted to pirates. Droll, isn't it?" Breitmann laughed, but this time without bitterness.

"It is a harmless hobby," rather resenting Breitmann's tone.

"More than that," quickly; "it is philanthropic, since it will employ me for some length of time."

"When do they expect you?"

"At half past 10."

"We'll go up together, then. Did you see the admiral's daughter?"

"A daughter? Has he one?" Breit-

mann accepted this news with an expression of disfavor.

"Yes, and charming. I can tell you. It's all very odd. In Paris that night they both sat at the next table."

"Why did you not speak to them?"

"Didn't know who they were. The admiral was one of my father's boyhood friends and I did not meet them till very recently," which was all true enough. For some unaccountable reason, Fitzgerald found that he was on guard. "I have ordered an open carriage. If you have any trunks, I can take them up for you."

"It will be good of you."

They proceeded to finish the breakfast, and then sought the office for final reckoning. Later they strolled toward the water-front. Fitzgerald, during moments when the talk lagged, thought over the meeting. There was a false ring to it somewhere. If Breitmann had been turned down in all the offices in New York there would have been some good cause. Newspapers were not passing over men of this fellow's experience, unless he had been proved untrustworthy. Breitmann had not told him everything; he had even told him too little. Still, he would withhold his judgment till he heard from New York on the subject. Cathewe hadn't been enthusiastic over the name; but Cathewe was never inclined to enthusiasms.

Passing the angle of the freight depot brought the little harbor into full view. A fine white yacht was tugging at her cables.

"There's a beauty," said Fitzgerald admiringly.

"She looks as if she could take care of herself. How fresh the green water line looks! She'll be fast in moderate weather; a fair thousand tons, per haps."

"A close guess."

"I understand she belongs to my employer. I hope he takes the sea soon. I suppose you know that I have knocked about some as a sailor."

"That will help you into the good graces of the admiral."

The carriage was at the hotel when they returned. They bundled in their traps, and drove away.

The little man now dropped into the railway station and stuck his head into the ticket aperture. The agent, who was seated before the telegraph keys, looked up.

"No tickets before half past 10, sir."

"I am not wanting a ticket. I wish to know if I can send a cable from here."

"A cable? Sure. Where to?"

"Paris."

"Yes, sir. I telegraph it to the cable office in New York, and they do the rest. Here are some blanks."

The other wrote some hasty scribbles, which made the address impossible to decipher, save that it was directed mainly to Paris. The body of the cablegram contained a single word. The writer paid the toll, and went away.

"Now, what would you think of that?" mused the operator, scratching his head in perplexity. "Well, the company gets the money, so it's all the same to me. Better files, and all the rest in French. Next time it'll be bugs. All right; here goes!"

The house at the top of the hill had two names. It had once been called the Watch Tower for reasons but vaguely known by the present generation of villagers. Today it was generally styled The Pines. Yet even this had fallen into disuse save on the occupant's letter paper. When any one asked where Rear Admiral Killigrew lived he was directed to "the big white house at the top of the hill."

The Killigrews had not been born and bred there. His builder had been a friend of King George—that is, his sympathies had been with taxation without representation. One day he sold the manor cheap. His reasons were sufficient. It was because the property of a wealthy trader, who died in it. It was in 1800. His heirs, living and preferring to live in Philadelphia, put up a sign and, being of careful disposition, kept the place in excellent repair.

In the year 1810 it passed into the hands of a Frenchman, and during his day the villagers called the house the Watch Tower, for the Frenchman was always on the high balcony, telescope in hand, gazing seaward. No one knew his name. He dealt with the villagers through his servant, who could speak English, himself professing that he could not speak the language. He was a recluse, almost a hermit. At odd times a brig would be seen dropping anchor in the offing. She was always from across the water, from the old country, as villagers to this day insist upon calling Europe. The manor during these peaceful invasions showed signs of life. Men from the brig went up to the big white house and remained there for a week or a month. And they were lean men, battle scarred and fierce of eye, some with armless sleeves, some with stiff legs, some twisted with rheumatism. All spoke French and spat whenever they saw the perfidious flag of old England. This was not marked against them as a demerit, for the war of 1812 was yet smoking here and there along the great lakes. Suddenly they would up and away, and the manor would resume its repellent aloofness. Each time they returned their number was diminished. Old age had succeeded war as a harvest. In 1822 the mysterious old recluse surrendered the ghost. He heirs, ignored and hated by him for their affiliation with the Bourbons, sold it to the father of the admiral.

The manor wasn't haunted. The hard headed longshoremen and sailors who lived at the foot of the hill were a practical people, to whom spirits (Continued next week)

Notice to Trespassers. Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch known as the Lost Lake ranch 12 miles south east of Sonora, and other ranches owned and controlled by me, for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting hogs without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

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